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THE REFLECTOR.

LIFE AND DEATH.

The dearest ties are sundered and the sable pall conveys to the grave the young, the beautiful, the aged, and the worthy. The solemn knell rolls along the breeze as it tolls the mournful obsequies which are paid to the dead, and strikes on the ear of the living with an ominous and warning note.

There is something peculiarly instructive in those simple ceremonies which we devote to our deceased friend when we say, "Let us arise and bury our dead." The last look which we bestow upon the countenance which has gladdened us with its smile, the company of mourners and friends who have assembled on this heart-rending occasion; the address which ascends from the lips of the divine to the throne of a Being who is seen in his works; the silence and sorrow of those who are left for a time on earth, until it shall be their fate to follow the departed—the procession as it slowly moves towards the last earthly tenement of man—the path struck from the village church, which now comes upon the listless ear of clay—the falling of the earth upon the young and amiable—the return and dispersion of the silent congregation, and those saddened feelings which we bear with us to our pillow, and the void, never again to be filled, which is made among the little rank of those we love—all these furnish a moral too forcibly applied to be resisted, and awaken thoughts upon the future, beyond all that the most labored essay or most eloquent tongue can produce. We turn from this scene to that which is penciled upon future years. When the rose and sweet briar shall spring from the turf resting on that bosom now beating with pleasure at our approach, and heaving the convulsive sob at our affliction. When, in fine, all that we now look upon with so much delight shall become but an unseemly skeleton within a narrow grave.

Change the dream and we ourselves are to become the victims of a like transformation. The sun, the cottage of our infancy, the lake glimmering beneath a silvery moon, the vault of heaven, the friends of our youth, the partner of our pillow, all, all the luxuries of imagination and of life are to become dim and indistinct; passion after passion must expire, sense after sense must follow, oblivion will silently steal each object of perception or of affection from before us, we must become torpid; unconscious and finally die, and the same sad parade will be repeated, and "where are we?" The world will move onward, the minute space we have filled will be forgotten, and other generations tread sportively over the little hillock of earth within which we are steadily mouldering back to our primitive clay.

Often it is the case, that we cannot but indulge in the idea that when the soul is severed from its body, we shall in spirit revisit those scenes which in life were dear to us; that we shall again look from some high cliff upon the blue waters, and gaze upon the tall ship as she booms over the sea, beneath an evening sky—that we shall watch over the fortunes of those we loved in life, meet them again in affection, when they shall have thrown off the clog of mortality, and be ready, hand in hand, to ascend to higher regions of bliss, when this earth shall have passed away. But the sportive tricks of a wild imagination should give place to the sober certainty of revelation. Though we delight to linger round these scenes which are dear to us upon earth, though consciences tell us that we are not to bury in a parsimonious grave those thoughts and perceptions which attach us so closely to disembodied spirits, yet the present spirit of danger warns us most emphatically to set our hearts in such order, that we may challenge death to the combat. His bolts are falling around us, and the small space which is allotted us before we shall be summoned to lists in an unknown clime, demands that our panoply should be ready.

MELANCHOLY.

I come at the evening hour—when the star of love shines softly from the azure heavens—when the sweet smiles of the moon fall gently on the shadowy grove below—and infuse my spirit into the meditative bosom. I come at the midnight season: when all is dark around and all is silent there—save when the Whoo-poor-will is heard—or Chanticleer's more cheering voice comes gaily from the neighboring bower—I gaze with rapture on the setting sun: I watch his golden beams as they shed a halo on the wood-crown'd hill—and listen with delight to the sweet warble as they foam

and dash against the rocky shore—I wander where the forest rises in all its grand and impressive majesty—and dear is the night song of the winds as they whistle round some isolated dwelling—I love the thunder's tone—and the lightning's flash amid the deepening gloom—and stray where the cataract is heard through the uncultivated wilds of nature—mine are the autumnal skies—the withered leaf—and fading beauties of nature in decay.

I am the "soul of song:" To me music owes its most subduing charm—and to poetry I give the pathos and the passion which soften and soothe the heart—and Love too knows my influence—I not only create its enthusiasm—but give a constancy to its rapturous emotions:—Of Genius too I am the chosen companion—not only the lover and the poet are mine—but I dwell in the classic halls where wisdom and science hold their court—and throw my mystic spells around their votaries. To Devotion also, I give an energy and zeal—I am not a dark and gloomy power—but "a nymph of mild though pensive mein"—burn to captivate but the feeling heart.

Trenton Emporium.

THE REPOSITORY.

[From the London Literary Gazette.]
MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF HENRY EIGHTH.
[By Mrs. A. T. Thomson.]

There have been, within a few late years, several species of publications which have tended greatly to invigorate the study of history, and promote the general knowledge in that important branch of reading. It is true that every tolerably educated person makes himself acquainted with the events which have taken place in the annals of nations, by a regular perusal of those voluminous works to which the name of History is properly applied; but multitudes have done this in the shape of a task, and multitudes have not done it either systematically or thoroughly. Many of the people of England, we believe it has been very truly observed, have formed their notions on the history of England more from its representation in the plays of Shakespeare, than from any authentic source; and during a later period, Sir Walter Scott's novels have, in like manner, confounded realities with fictions in so popular a way, that we dare assert there are tens of thousands of the rising generation who pin their faith as entirely to the fictions as to the realities. Indeed the regular histories themselves are often but theoretical romances,—the philosophical opinions of their writers, rather than a relation of what has actually happened, ascertained from laborious investigation, researches among unquestionable documents, and the proof of facts instead of statements copied from preceding authors without the trouble of inquiring whether they were right or wrong. Religion and politics have had their full share in poisoning these springs of information; and we may add, that, even with the utmost pains, it is always a difficult matter to unfold the sterling truth. We find this in the affairs of our own times,—in matters as it were under our own eyes; and how much more must it be felt when we come to examine remote objects and doings over which time has thrown its shadows?

It is therefore, of great consequence, and we always regard the effort with pleasure, when any competent individual selects a particular and interesting historical epoch, separates it from its past and future, and places it before us, grouped and arranged as a picture, by itself. Thus Miss Benger, Miss Aitken, and others, have given to the public volumes, like the present, extremely agreeable to readers of every class, and well calculated to amuse while they inform. In short, the *Memoirs of the Court of Henry the Eighth* are as entertaining as any historical novel can be; the writer has chosen a period than which our annals present not one better suited for such a purpose, and she has treated it in the ablest manner. Her style is plain and forcible, without meretricious ornament or trickery, but exactly what a production of the kind required,—raising vivid images of the events which it records, and shewing the very forms and pressure of the age. We have also to remark on the industry which has evidently been bestowed on this excellent book. Mrs. Thomson has consulted a number of the best authorities, (some heretofore too much neglected,) and has levied most appropriate contributions not only on ancient manuscripts, but on the very expensive authors on national manners, costumes, &c. &c. whose works are only to be seen in rich and valuable libraries. By these means

she has thrown new lights upon many points of much curiosity; and, upon the whole, completed a work which reflects high honor upon a female pen, and will, we are certain, be very acceptable to the public.

From its nature, however, it is not one which we need analyze or exemplify by quotation at extraordinary length; and we shall merely cite a few passages from various parts, to show how variously the accomplished author has travelled into research, and how aptly she has brought her inquiries to elucidate her subject.

"The dress of females of rank was restrained by limitations of a nature somewhat similar to those which restricted the absurdities of male attire, and was less extravagant. The gown, composed of silk or velvet, was shortened or lengthened according to the rank of the wearer. The countess was obliged by the rules of etiquette to have a train both behind and before, which she hung upon her arm or fastened in her girdle; the baroness, and all under her degree were prohibited from assuming that badge of distinction. The matron was distinguished from the unmarried woman by the different mode of her head attire; the hood of the former had recently been superseded by a coif or close bonnet, of which the pictures of Holbein give a representation; while the youthful and the single, with characteristic simplicity, wore the hair braided with knots of ribbon. The materials of the dresses at this period were costly; and were sometimes enriched by embroidery, and by the addition of precious stones. Such was the demand for cloths of gold and silver, for velvets and damasks, that three or four thousand pieces of these articles were in one year imported from Italy. This number may appear trifling in the present day, when such materials of dress are not confined to any particular class or rank of person, but may be worn by all who can afford to purchase them; but in those times of aristocratic pride, persons of inferior rank were obliged to adhere to a simple and serviceable garment, made of woolen or of hempen cloth, somewhat resembling the Saxon tunic; and from this picturesque mantle or gown, the frock of the wagoner, still in use in most of the countries of England, is supposed to have been derived. Henry the Eighth placed so much importance upon dress, that during his reign the wardrobes of the nobility increased to many times their former value, while his own exceeded in costliness that of any preceding monarch. The manifest advantages resulting to trade, as well as a taste for ostentatious display, may have been the motive of the encouragement which this monarch bestowed upon those who, in this respect, did most honor to his court; and, in as age when the distinctions of mental superiority were less understood or acknowledged than at present, it is not surprising that external advantages should be held in undue estimation. To the frequent and alluring festivities with which the court was enlivened, may be also attributed the increase of luxury, in other respects, among the nobility. The gay, the gallant, and the rich, had now a place of resort where they could dissipate time, and display their attractions, accomplishments, and wealth. The queen, in the early days of her marriage, although displaying the characteristic gravity of her nation, was far from despising any repugnance to those diversions in which the king delighted. She gave on the contrary, a sanction to them by her presence, which allowed the ladies of the court to enjoy, and, in some measure, to impart refinement to scenes in which their fair descendants might deem it improper and even revolting to enter. Let it, however, be remembered, before we condemn too hastily the masculine amusements of the women of the sixteenth century, that the qualities of self-possession, courage, and fortitude, always commendable, and entirely compatible with feminine virtues, were indispensable in unsettled times; and were acquired and improved by familiarity with those diversions which presented the conflicts without the dangers of war. In splendor and importance, the tournament and the joust must have precedence, in enumerating the sports of this period. To these exercises Henry gave unremitting attention, and not to display proficiency in them was almost to lose his favor; yet some discretion was also required to rival, but not to excel the king, whose ardent temper could not brook superiority in another; accordingly, how dexterous soever the combatants might be in feats of arms, victory was always reserved for royalty. Yet, as the king sometimes fought disguised, it is but fair to allow that he was no mean adept in those pursuits for which his bodily powers and continual practice had qualified him. Tournaments, a name which formerly applied to every military combat, consisted of three separate amusements; tilting at the quintain, running at the ring, and jousting or fighting in single combat. The tournament, as a general term, was applied to conflicts in which many persons were engaged at once, divided into parties. The joust was sometimes practised independent of the tournament; and both these modes of combat were carried on either on horseback or on foot, according to circumstances. The barriers, another species of contest in which Henry was killed, was a battle with axes, in which those engaged were prevented from coming into close contact by a barrier, breast high, placed between them. These games had long been the recreation of the noble and valorous, both in England and on the Continent; and although they had been repeatedly prohibited by the church, on account of the dangerous accidents and bitter contusions which had frequently converted the scene of mirth and enjoyment into a tragedy, long remembered by the sufferers, they continued to be idolized by those who from their wealth could partake of them in style suitable to their rank, and by all who aspired to the distinction of superior skill

and courage. The risk of fatal consequences attending tournaments was, in the time of Henry, partly diminished; formerly, meaning nothing in hate, but all in honor, the combatants, nevertheless, fought with sharp swords and lances, as in battle; and although the number of blows was regulated, and rules laid down to prevent bloodshed, and festivities were often disturbed by the death of one or more of the parties engaged. In process of time, it was found necessary to introduce arms of courtesy, consisting of lances without heads, and with round braces at the extremity called rockets; the swords were blunted, and every precaution was adopted to prevent injurious consequences. In these combats, nevertheless, bruises were often severe and painful; and the heavy armor, which the rules of the game required, proved occasionally detrimental to the warrior. Henry had not always the good fortune to escape the dangers to which all who engaged in these sports were equally exposed; and he was sometimes alarmed for the result of the extreme ardor in combat which impelled his young courtiers to use too much violence in this mimic war; accordingly, we often find him hastily closing the amusements of the day, when he perceived that the spirit of emulation began to border upon rancor and hatred. The weapons which the king usually employed were rather different from those which were used in general, as he carried a battle-axe, as well as a two-handed sword; but doubtless, these were blunted, as well as the arms of his opponents. In the splendid tournament which immediately succeeded the coronation of Henry, it was probably considered indecorous that he should take an active part so recently after the death of his father. He was, therefore, at this time, merely a spectator, while the scene of amicable rivalry was performed. Among the most distinguished knights, Charles Brandon was pre-eminent, not only for his personal beauty and the elegance which attended every movement which the various evolutions of the game required, but for his courage, judgment, and skill, qualities which he displayed afterwards on more important occasions. This celebrated man, the son of Sir William Brandon, who, bearing the standard of Henry the Seventh, was slain by Richard the Third at Bosworth-field, had been educated in habits of the strictest intimacy with the young king; and always retained his affection and regard. In the constancy of that regard which Henry professed for Brandon, it is agreeable to those who wish to view human nature under its most favorable aspect to see an exception to the numerous circumstances which have justly affixed the reproach of caprice to the character of that monarch. Brandon was, however, as cautious and politic in the court as he was enterprising and courageous in the field; and while his military exploits secured his reputation for valor, he generally yielded the palm of victory to his sovereign in the mimic wars of the tournament. Three sons of the Howard family were also distinguished upon this occasion. The achievements and merits of Lord Thomas Howard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, will be unfolded hereafter; at this period of our narrative, he was regarded as one of the most promising warriors, and as one of the most dissolute men at the court of Henry. Sir Edward and Sir Edmund Howard, the one famed for naval exploits, the other less remarkable, but not without celebrity for courage; Sir Thomas Knevet, master of the horse; and Lord Nevile, brother to the Marquis of Dorset, filled up the lists of the combat on one side, and took the field. The trumpets blew to the field; the fresh, young gallants and noblemen gorgeously apparelled, with curious devices of cuts and embroideries, as well in their coats as in trappers for their horses; some in gold, some in silver, some in tinsel, and divers others in goldsmith's work, goodly to behold. Such was the array in which the young knights came forth to combat, assuming the name and devices of the Knights of Pallas. This band was opposed by another, entitled Diana's Knights, bearing as their trophy a golden spear, and professing to be the champions of the fair sex. The attire of both parties was equally fanciful and suitable to the allegorical character of the whole scene. The knights or scholars of Pallas, were clothed in garments of green velvet, carrying a chrystral shield, on which was portrayed the goddess Minerva, and had the bases and bards of their horses embroidered with roses and pomegranates of gold; those of Diana were decorated with the bramble bush displayed in a similar manner. The prize of valor was the chrystral shield. Between the lists, the spectators were amused with a pageant, representing a park enclosed with pales, containing fallow-deer, and attended by foresters and huntsmen. This park being moved towards the place where the queen sat, the gates were opened, the deer were let out, pursued by grey hounds, killed, and presented by Diana's champions to the queen and ladies. Thus were they included in the amusement, not only as observers, but as participants: nor were the populace without their share of enjoyment; streams of Rhenish wine and of claret, which flowed from the mouths of animals sculptured in stone and wood, were appropriated to their refreshment. Night closed on the joyous scene; but before its approach, the king, perceiving that the ardor of the combatants had become intemperate and dangerous, wisely limited the number of strokes, closed the tourney, and distributed the prizes. It was about this period that the tournament ceased to be merely a chivalric combat; and, united with the pageant, acquired more of the dramatic character. The pageant consisted of a temporary building, moved on vines, generally representing castles, rocks, mountains, palaces, gardens, or forests. The decoration of these ambling scenes was attended with considerable expense, but was seldom conducted with taste or consistency. They generally contained figures, personating a curious medley of nymphs, savages, heathen gods, and christian saints, giants, and the nine worthies, who descended and

danced among the spectators. On the night of the Epiphany, [1510] a pageant was introduced into the hall at Richmond, representing a hill studded with gold and precious stones; and having on its summit a tree of gold, from which hung roses and pomegranates. From the declivity of the hill descended a lady richly attired, who, with the gentlemen of honor, danced a morris before the king. On another occasion, in the presence of the court, an artificial forest was drawn by a lion and an antelope, the trees of which were richly embroidered with golden ornaments; the animals were harnessed with chains of gold, and on each sat a fair damsels in gay apparel. In the midst of the forest, which was thus introduced, appeared a gilded tower, at the gates of which stood a youth holding in his hands a garland of roses, as the prize of valor in a tournament which succeeded the pageant."

This at the very outset, is a fair example of the ability with which Mrs. Thomson has acquitted herself, and the interest she has thrown over all her narrative. Our other extracts shall be inserted rather for the sake of their intelligence than with any view further to display the good style, diligence, and admirable qualities of the writer. Wolsey, of course, figures largely in these pages; and we regret that we must pass over the amusing accounts of his pageants, establishments, and personal conduct.

When the change in religion began first to make its way, "A citizen named Richard Hunne having lost an infant by death in his house, was sued by the curate of the parish for the burying sheet of the child, which he claimed as a mortuary or compensation for tithes left unpaid at the decease of any person. Hunne refused to give up the sheet, and was cited to appear in the spiritual court; but having secured good counsel, he sued the curate in a praemunire, for bringing him into a foreign court instead of the common law court. Fitzjames, then Bishop of London, and Doctor Horsey his chancellor, indignant at this reprisal, accused Hunne of heresy, and caused him to be imprisoned in the Lollard's tower. In this dungeon he was one morning found dead, hanging by a silken girdle, which being loosed round his neck, induced a suspicion as to the cause of his death. On examination, it was apparent that his neck had been broken with an iron chain, the skin being marked by an instrument of that nature; and from various other marks upon the body, it was too evident that his decease had not been the effect of his own hands. Such, however, was the exercise of justice in the usage of the clergy, that the body was tried for heresy; and several articles from the preface to Wickliffe's Bible, which was found in his possession, were charged against him; and, to conclude the farce, the mangled remains of the poor man were adjudged to be burned at Smithfield. To the disgrace of the church, the Bishops of Lincoln and Durham and many doctors of divinity and of the common law, sat with the Bishop of London on this case, so that the sentence was considered as the unanimous act of the clergy. The indignation of the people was excessive, and the city was never afterwards well affected to the priests. The inquest, which had sat on the body of Hunne, pronounced him to be murdered; and the crime had been clearly traced to the bishop's summer, and bell-ringer, and to Doctor Horsey the chancellor. Great efforts were made to stop the trial of these men, which was immediately commenced; but even the authority of Wolsey, which was exerted to that effect, availed nothing. A bill was first passed in the House of Commons, for restoring Hunne's family to their goods and estate, which had the royal assent: and another was then introduced touching the murder, which occasioned violent contentions. The congeatation of the clergy, perceiving the blow which was thus aimed at their privileges, summoned Doctor Stanhope before them. The temporal lords and judges therupon appealed to them to maintain his jurisdiction, and to defend Stanhope from his enemies. The king, in great perplexity, had recourse to Doctor Veysey, dean of his chapel, and afterwards Bishop of Exeter, whose opinion favored the argument of Doctor Stanhope in agreeing to the propriety of clerks being convened before secular judges. After a long discussion on this topic, and a decision by the judges in favor of the two doctors, the cardinal publicly, and on his knees, entreated the king, at an assembly of the lords spiritual and temporal at Baynard's Castle, to refer the matter to the pope: in this supplication he was seconded by the Archbishop of Canterbury, by the Bishop of Winchester, and by the majority of the clergy: but Henry, supported by the opinion of the judges, replied in these terms:—"That the kings of England in time past had no superior, save God alone; that he was resolved to maintain the rights of his crown as his predecessors had done; that the decrees of the spirituality were not conformed to by many of its members; and that he was determined to preserve the same independence with regard to them as his progenitors had done." Nor did he condescend to reply to the reiterated instances of Warham, in favor of an appeal to the see of Rome. That prelate, for some time, concealed Horsey in his house, against the warrant which was issued on the decision of the judges; and, afterwards, the culprit was screened from punishment by the intercession of Wolsey, who represented to the king the certainty of verdict being found against Horsey, and the danger of irritating the clergy by the execution of temporal justice upon one of their order. In consequence of this request, the attorney-general was commanded to allow Horsey's plea of not guilty, so that the criminal was dismissed; but quoth London, he could never return thither either for fear or shame." Doctor Stanhope was also dismissed from the court of cassation."

The Deceased Patriots.

[From the Richmond Whig.]

THOMAS JEFFERSON departed this life, on Tuesday the 4th of July, at 10 minutes before 1 o'clock, P. M.

On Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, rumors of his illness reached this place. The Charlottesville mail of Monday, brought intelligence which left but small hope of his recovery. There was a general foreboding that his dissolution would occur on the Fourth of July, and a general wish, that if his death was indeed at hand, the facility of his life might be completed by its termination on that memorable day! Hopes and fears have both been realized. Mr. Jefferson expired on the Fourth of July, the day, and it is believed the very hour, on which fifty years before, the Declaration of Independence appeared to an admiring world! In this most singular coincidence, the finger of Providence is plainly visible! It hallows the Declaration of Independence as the Word of God, and is the bow in the Heavens, that promises its principles shall be eternal, and their dissemination universal over the Earth!

[From the Richmond Enquirer.]

Particulars of Thomas Jefferson's death.

DIED at Monticello, fifty minutes past twelve, July the 4th, Thomas Jefferson in the 94th year of his age. His health had been impaired by a too free use of the Hot Spring Bath in 1818. His indisposition had steadily increased, until the last six months, when it attained a troublesome and alarming violence, giving him certain indications of a gradual decay of health. The issue of his early foresaw. On the 5th June, he observed to a friend, that he doubted his weathering the present summer. By the 24th of June, his disorder and weakness having reached a distressing extent, he yielded to the entreaties of his family and saw his physician (Doctor Dunglasson of the University.) On this occasion a friend having private business with him, he warned him that "there was no time to be lost," and expressed the belief that he could not hold out to the fourth; that he had called in a physician, and to gratify his family would follow his prescriptions, (which he cheerfully did,) but that it would prove unavailing; the machine had worn out and could go on no longer. He retained, during his illness and to the moment of his death, the same serene, decisive and cheerful temper, which had marked his life. Speaking with his usual spirit and animation of the University, he expressed his hope that the State would not now abandon it. He spoke of the changes which he feared would be made in it; of his probable successor as Rector; of the services he had rendered to his native State, &c. and counseled and advised as to his private affairs. Upon being unusually ill for a short time, he observed very cheerfully, "Well, Doctor, a few hours more and the struggle will be over." When the Doctor entered the room in the morning, of his last day, his usual expression was, "Well, Dr., you see I am here yet." His disorder being checked, a friend expressed a hope of amendment. His answer was, "that the powers of nature were too much exhausted to be rallied." On a member of his family observing that he was better and that the Doctor thought so, he listened with evident impatience, and said, "Do not imagine for a moment that I feel the smallest solicitude as to the result?" On giving directions for his funeral, forbidding all pomp and parade, he was answered by a hope that it would be long ere the occasion would require their observance. He asked with a smile, "Do you think I fear to die?" Expressing himself pleased with the course and attentions of his physician, gratified by the affectionate solicitude of his family and servants, he uttered no thought: he expressed no feeling unworthy or unlike the meridian of his life. Death stole not upon him in the dark. He came not unexpected. He beheld his approaches and smiled on his terror. Thus died THOMAS JEFFERSON!

[From the Washington Journal, July 8.]

As a mark of respect, on the part of the Government of the United States for the memory of THOMAS JEFFERSON, we understand that all the Executive Offices will be closed that day, and that no public business will be transacted.

DEPARTMENT OF WAR, July 7, 1826.

The PRESIDENT, with deep regret, announces to the Army, that it has pleased the Disposer of all human events, to remove from the scene of earthly existence our illustrious and venerated fellow citizen, THOMAS JEFFERSON. This dispensation of Divine Providence, afflicting to us, but the consummation of glory to him, occurred on the Fourth of the present month: on the Fiftieth Anniversary of that Independence, the Declaration of which, emanating from his mind, at once proclaimed the birth of a free nation, and offered motives of hope and consolation to the whole family of man. Sharing in the grief which every heart must feel for so heavy and afflictive a public loss, and desirous to express his high sense of the vast debt of gratitude which is due to the virtues, talents, and ever memorable services of the illustrious deceased, the President directs, that Funeral Honors be paid to him at all the Military Stations, and that the Officers of the Army wear crape on the left Arm, by way of mourning, for six months.

Major General Brown will give the necessary Orders for carrying into effect the foregoing directions. JAMES BARBOUR.

Resolutions have unanimously passed both Boards of the City Council, directing the Members of the Corporation to wear crape on the left arm, for thirty days, and requesting and empowering the Mayor to take such steps as may be proper, to manifest the sorrow of the City for the death, and its respect for the memory, of its earliest friend THOMAS JEFFERSON.

THOMAS JEFFERSON was born in Chesterfield County, Virginia, on the 24th day of April, 1743; and was, at the time of his death, 83 years 3 months and 2 days old. His family were among the earliest emigrants to Virginia; of which colony his grandfather, Thomas Jefferson, was a native. His father was named Peter Jefferson, and was known as one of the Commissioners for determining the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina, in the year 1747; from whom he derived an extensive and valuable estate.

[From the Boston Sentinel, July 8.]

INTERMENT OF MR. ADAMS. Agreeably to the arrangements made, the remains of the Hon. ADAMS, were entombed yesterday

afternoon, at Quincy, with every token of veneration, respect and affection.

An immense body of citizens assembled from various parts of the State. Several carriages were from Salem and more remote towns.

A corps of artillery, stationed on Mount Wallaston, fired minute guns, during the whole time of the funeral services, and several similar tokens of respect were heard in the adjoining towns; the bells of which were tolled and the flags on various gun-houses, &c. were hoisted half-staff.

The Relatives of the deceased, the Societies, and others, assembled at the late President's mansion.

The citizens of Quincy met in the town-hall, organized, and moved in a body to the vicinity of the mansion-house, where, about 4 o'clock, the Funeral Procession was formed, under the direction of several Marshals, composed of Gentlemen of Quincy.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Marshal.

Citizens of Quincy.

Under-taker.

Pall Bearers. — Hon. Mr. GREENLEAF, President KIRKLAND, Judge STORY, Governor LINCOLN, Lt. Gov. WINTHROP.

Male Relatives.

Members of Honorable Council. — Senators. Speaker and Members of the House of Representatives.

Secretary and Treasurer.

Hon. Messrs. Lloyd, Silsbee, Webster, Crownfield, Bailey and Everett.

Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of Boston.

City Auditor, Clerk and Marshal.

Professors and other Officers of the University.

Members of the Cincinnati.

Clergy of a large number of towns.

United States' Navy and Army Officers.

Militia Officers.

United States' Civil Officers.

Strangers.

Citizens of the town in the vicinity of Quincy.

Twelve mourning coaches with female Relatives closed the Procession.

The procession was of great length. When the front arrived at the meeting-house, the citizens of Quincy opened ranks while the corpse, the relatives, and others, entered the Church, the pulpit and galleries of which were dressed in mourning. The House was thronged.

The services commenced and closed with anthems. The Rev. Mr. Whitney, Pastor of the Society, addressed the throne of Grace in prayer, and delivered an impressive Sermon, in which he gave a summary of the eminent services, distinguished talents, amiable life, and Christian virtues of his venerated parson.

The body was then borne to the burial ground and deposited in the family tomb.

FOREIGN.

FROM FRANCE.

By the Wm. Bayard, Capt. Robinson, in 43 days from Haye, arrived at New-York, we have received intelligence from French journals, Paris, to the 30th May.

France.—The religious riots, at Rouen, appear to have subsided. That city, however, is well filled with troops from all quarters.

By the arrival at Marseilles, of a vessel from Egypt, 40 young Turkish students have come to France to finish their education.—Fears are entertained by the liberal party, that this batch of Turks has been sent with some political views. They are under the care of an official personage of high rank.

An immense encampment of military has been formed at St. Omers. It is intended to have a grand mock-fight between the divisions of the army.

Prussia.—The Berlin letters speak of a change in the Administration, which is becoming more liberal.

Austria.—The Emperor of Austria is again alarmingly ill. His constitution is gradually wasting away. He has been greatly affected by a new act of resistance on the part of the Hungarian Diet. The people of Vienna are considerably agitated.

Switzerland.—The Lausanne Gazette contains an account of a duel between two foreigners of high rank, who had quarreled at their Hotel. One of them had his jaw shattered by his adversary's ball.

The Jesuits have opened a Seminary at Ferney, about 4 miles from Geneva. This is the place where Voltaire resided so long.—There is a great contrast between the "Philosopher of Ferney," and the followers of Loyola.

Greece.—A letter from Corfu states that the brave Canaris was killed by a bullet in a naval action which took place on the 14th of April. The same letter mentions that Colonel Fabvier entirely failed in an attempt to invest the fortress of Carabala, in the Morea, in consequence of the treachery of two Greek Captains who refused to lend their aid to the enterprise.

A letter in the Courier Francias, from Walachia, alleges that the English and Austrian Courts persuaded Turkey to accede to the Russian demands in order that the Turkish power might be directed singly against Greece, and that these courts wish to see Greece subjugated. [This is too ridiculous a charge to be credited for an instant.]

In Bavaria a committee has been appointed to collect subscriptions for the Greeks. It is under the special protection of the King, who subscribed 50,000 francs. The address of the committee was drawn up under his Majesty's superintendance.

The French subscriptions for the Greeks continued to be most liberal. In every department of the kingdom a generous sympathy displays itself. All classes of society are anxious to contribute their mite.

Letters from Trieste of the 24th state that the Gallo-Egyptians having learned by their spies that the garrison of Misolonghi were expecting a reinforcement, dressed up 500 Albanians in the Greek uniform, and distributed them on the adjacent heights for the purpose of hastening the intended sortie. The garrison, deceived by the stratagem, made the sortie, the melancholy result of which is but too well known."

A private letter of the 18th May from Madrid, states that the Duke de Infantado had again sent in his resignation, upon the pretext of visiting his estates in Italy, Germany, and the Netherlands; but it was believed that it would not be accepted by the King.

A home was entertained that the decree of banishment, issued against a number of the inhabitants of Madrid, would be revoked; contrary to which, however, when least ex-

pected, orders were given to the Commissioners of Police of the Capital to expel from Madrid all persons comprehended in the decree issued at Port Santa Maria on the 1st Oct. 1823, whose residence in the capital has not been authorized by the King. A sort of Anti-Apostolic-Carlist Junta had been formed, for the purpose of resisting or thwarting the measures of the ultra party for the extermination of the negroes. A packet of papers seized in Biscay, are said to disclose a plot formed between the Constitutionalists of the Peninsula, and those who have taken refuge in England and Portugal.

THE OBSERVER.

Paris: THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 27, 1826.

ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.

"Their acts which should not pass away,

And names that must not wither, though the earth

Forgets her empires with a just decay;

Imperishably pure beyond all things below."

Funeral solemnities, and eulogies in honor of the illustrious dead, are supported by the usages of immemorial antiquity. The nations of Greece assembled to pay their testimony of respect to the memory of those who fell in defense of their country, at Marathon, Salamis, and Plataea, when Pericles their bravest and best, pronounced a funeral oration, which still remains, an imperishable monument of his eloquence and a nation's gratitude. The nations of the old world, clothe themselves in sable habiliments, and lift up their voices in mourning, for the loss of their oppressors. Shall the crouching slaves of despotism feel more for a change of masters, than freemen for the loss of the great and good? Shall no tear bedew the patriot's cheek for the loss of a nation's benefactor? Shall we be wanting in expressions of filial regret, when the Fathers of our country are removed from among us? It is a duty that we owe not only to them, but to ourselves, to shew that we are not unmindful of their services—that we duly appreciate their worth and hold in grateful remembrance, their lives and characters. Such honors are not an useless parade and empty show, since the respect shewn to the memory of the worthy and patriotic is the best incentive to those who survive them to aspire to their reward by an imitation of their virtues. We can never again be called upon to commemorate such an event, as that which now demands our notice. Let us then pay the last honors to the memory of those to whom we owe so much with united hearts and hands. Let us set apart a day, as sacred to this service, as a small testimonial of the estimation in which we hold their private worth and public labors. The event is to be commemorated in this town, and it is hoped that our fellow citizens will unite with us in order that the solemnities may be conducted in a manner worthy of the occasion and honorable to themselves.

The following gentlemen have been appointed to deliver Eulogies on the characters of Mr. ADAMS and Mr. JEFFERSON:

Paris—ENOCH LINCOLN.

Hallowell—PELEG SPRAGUE.

Newburyport—Hon. CALER CESING.

Boston—DANIEL WEBSTER.

Hingham—Rev. JOSEPH RICHARDSON.

Providence—J. L. TILLINGHAST, Esq.

Albany—W. A. DUER.

New-York—Rev. Mr. ROWAN.

Philadelphia—JOHN SERGEANT.

Baltimore—SAMUEL SMITH, U. S. Senator.

Washington—Wm. WIRT, Attorney General.

Richmond, Va.—Governor TYLER.

EXECUTIVE PATRONAGE. We have lately had an opportunity of examining the report of the select committee to which was referred the proposition to inquire into the expediency of reducing the patronage of the Executive Government of the United States, with the documents thereto annexed. Its length prohibits us from giving it an entire insertion in our paper, and it is difficult to make extracts where all is important and deserving of attention; but as the subject is one of interest to the people, we shall present to our readers a few of the facts which it contains, as nearly as may be in its own words, leaving to each one to make his own comments and reflections. Few, who have not attended closely to the subject, are perhaps aware, how extensively Patronage has increased since the adoption of the Federal Constitution, as the revenue upon which it is founded has been augmented. At first it was founded upon two millions. It is now operating upon twenty-two millions, and within the life-time of many now living, must operate upon fifty. At present, about one half of the revenue is applied to the payment of the national debt, involving in it but little of patronage. With an ordinary degree of management, this debt must be extinguished in a few years, when the whole revenue will be placed, not at the disposal of the Executive it is true, but applied to objects which must greatly increase the number, already excessively large, of persons in the service of the Federal Government.

In order to shew the extent of this power of patronage, the Committee refer to a single city, and to a single branch of the federal patronage in that city. For this purpose they cite from the "Blue Book" of the Republic which corresponds with the "Red Book" of Monarchs, the names and compensation of the officers of the Customs in New-York. From this it appears that the number of officers so employed in that single city, amounts to upwards of one hundred and seventy and their compensation to about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

"A formidable force indeed! formidable in numbers and still

more so from the vast amount of money in their hands."

But when to these we add, "the immense number of individuals, professional, mechanical, and day laboring, to whom these offices can and

will extend or deny patronage" at their pleasure and a numerous list of relatives and friends, we may form some idea

though an inadequate one of the vast extent to which this power may be exercised.

"Still this is only a branch, a mere prong of Federal patronage in the city of New-York."

In order to form any opinion of its whole extent, we must compare this single branch with that exercised in the whole of that city and that city with the whole union.

But as this may be considered an extreme case, and it may be said that as

New-York is the first city in the Union, Federal patronage must necessarily be greatest there. Then let us go to the other extreme and take a town of small population and insignificant revenue:

"take Norfolk, with her white population of five thousand souls, and her net revenue of sixty-four thousand seven hundred and twelve dollars and twenty-seven cents, to collect which annual decreasing revenue, forty-one officers are employed; and this is a single branch, for this borough, also, has her navy yard and military establishment; her judiciary, post office, presses, and the known and unknown list of jobbers and contractors, and the still more inscrutable list of expectants, who are waiting for "dead men's shoes" and willing in the mean while to do any thing that the living men wish."

These are a few of the facts contained in the Report; we hope to resume the subject hereafter.

MAINE SECRETARY AND REVIEWER. We have received the first number of this work, but have not yet had an opportunity to examine it sufficiently to pronounce a decision upon its merits. Indeed to judge of it fairly as a selection, it would be necessary to compare the pieces inserted with those rejected

which our situation by no means afford us an opportunity of doing.

Of the value of a work of this kind, when properly conducted, no one can entertain a doubt.

At a meeting of

the Court House inst.

agreed to take into consider-

ing in a public

of the late Presi-

—it was re-

pronounced, and

NORTH EASTERN BOUNDARY. The last New-York *Albion* contains an engraving of a map, exhibiting the boundary line between the United States and the British province of New-Brunswick; showing the tract of territory in dispute, and the lines as respectively claimed by the British and American Commissioners acting under the Treaty of Ghent.—Drawn from accurate authorities in 1823. The north boundary of the tract in dispute claimed by the American Commissioners extends to within a short distance of the St. Lawrence, more than a degree of longitude below Quebec. The land in controversy would be sufficient for a large State. The route of the mail between Halifax and Quebec passes through a considerable part of the territory claimed by the U. S. It is understood, that a definitive arrangement of this subject is one of the principal objects of Mr. GALLATIN's mission to London. In the remarks of the *Albion* on the subject, it is said,

"The British and American Commissioners had no difficulty in ascertaining the source of the St. Croix River, nor in running a line due north as far as Mars Hill, but they differ most essentially as to the position of the *highlands* meant by the treaty, and which difference involves a territory of 10,000 square miles, together with the Madawaska and some other fine settlements, hitherto supposed to be on the British side."

Bost. Cent.

Communications.

At a meeting of citizens of Paris at the Court House on Saturday the 22d inst., agreeably to previous request, to take into consideration the subject of noticing in a public manner the decease of the late Presidents Adams and Jefferson—it was resolved, that an Eulogy be pronounced, and such other performances as may be suitable to the occasion, and that the 15th day of August next at 10 o'clock A. M. at the Meeting House on Paris Hill, be designated as the time and place. A Committee, appointed for the purpose, reported, that they had requested the Hon. Enoch LINCOLN to deliver the Eulogy, and that he had consented.

Rufus K. Goodnow, Levi Hubbard, Thomas Clark, Henry Prentiss, John Dearing, Henry R. Parsons, Samuel King, Thomas Hill, Jr. Eliza Stowell, Stephen Emery, and Simeon Cummings, Esquires, were appointed a Committee of Arrangements.

The Committee of Arrangements above named, are requested to meet at the Court House in Paris, on Saturday the 29th inst. at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Mr. Entron—I was greatly pleased with the communication of "Vox Portu" in the last Observer, and am of the opinion, that if that production, and the Editorial remarks contained in the same, may be taken for fair sample of the spirit and candor which are to characterize the approaching election, the Electors of Oxford will not be found wanting, either to their own interests, or to the dignity of the occasion. It is obvious that our State and National Councils may derive an impulse from this election which shall have a deep and lasting effect, not only upon our own interests and reputation, but on the character of representative Governments and on the fairest hopes of rational Liberty throughout the Universe. What an eminent writer said, many years ago, now looks more pertinent than ever, "that every American ought to consider himself as the legislator of half-mankind;" for the eyes of the whole civilized world are now fixed upon us! Those of every country, and of every clime, who are groaning under the cruel lash of tyranny and oppression, now turn their anxious thoughts to America, and build their last hopes of emancipation upon the influence and example of her political institutions. This consideration ought to induce us to banish from our minds all low, all private, all personal considerations, and bring us to the polls thinking only "of our Country, of our whole Country, and of nothing but our Country." Passion and prejudice, may sometimes have deprived, even a free and enlightened people, of the best talents and of the soundest patriotism within the State; but when an election is conducted with candor and impartiality, it cannot fail of producing the best results.

CANDOR.

To the Electors of the County of Oxford.

As the time is fast approaching when you will be called upon for the choice of State Officers, is it not your duty to turn your attention to the selection of two citizens to represent the County of Oxford in the Senate of Maine? It is for you to determine whether to elect such men as will oppose the National Administration at all lengths, or to elect such as will give it their undivided support. Times past our elections have been nothing but scenes of management: Last fall for example—a caucus was called—some few violent and ardent supporters of William H. Crawford, (of course great adepts in the caucus business,) very desirous to nominate characters agreeing with themselves in political points supported these that would

act in concert with the opposition—and the supporters of the Administration gave them but little thinking for what they were brought forward.

The County of Oxford has been heretofore poorly represented in her conventions. Delegates from many of the towns have been chosen by some choice selected clan in so secret a manner as to be entirely unknown to nineteen-twentieths of their voters; for others, they have frequently been chosen on the steps, in the lobbies or wood-shed of the Court-House—while a great number of the towns have not been represented in any shape.

A choice of U. S. Senator at the next Legislature, renders the ensuing election of no minor importance.—Would it not be well then to see that the Delegates for the next Caucus are fairly and honorably chosen—not hustled in by some few aspiring demagogues—and know certainly whether they will be in favor or not of nominating men for Senators who will support a Candidate for U. S. Senator, who will act against the wishes of three-fourths of his constituents;—and after having met in convention not be gulled by those disciplined caucus managers, whose first movement will be to ascertain the minds of individuals; and when they have found one agreeing with their own they will concentrate their forces, and say to him—"we old school republicans, (meaning Crawfordites,) must march hand in hand, for on us depends the future destiny of our party."

Slumber not at your posts—be up and doing! Let not a few calculating champions as years past, manage affairs so as to suit their contracted and selfish views.

ANDROSCOGGIN.

FOURTH OF JULY AT DENMARK.

The celebration of American Independence in this town was peculiarly gratifying to every genuine American. The spirit of party, lost its influence, in the enthusiastic feelings of unalloyed patriotism. The welfare and glory of the nation, appeared to occupy the thoughts of every reflecting citizen.

The day was warm and pleasant—the morning gun announced its return and a general salute spoke to the hearers. The spirit-stirring fife, the pealing drum and the hum of the delighted multitude gave to the whole scene a most charming and picturesque effect.—A large procession was formed at the house of Cyrus Ingalls, Esq. and moved from thence under a military escort to the meeting-house. The street through which it passed was lined with spectators; and the enlivening rays of beauty leaning from the windows, gave an additional zest to the hilarity of the day. The services commenced by singing an Ode to Independence, which as well as all the other performances of the day were executed in a manner becoming the occasion.

The Oration by S. MERRILL, Esq. was neat and elegant, its sentiments peculiarly appropriate, and was delivered in a style of superior excellence. After the services at the meeting-house were ended, the procession again formed, and returned to Mr. Ingalls' to enjoy "a feast of dainties" and a "flow of soul." The genial glow of patriotism, pervaded the breast of every one. The scene was hallowed with rapture, as the faithful exhibition of the dignity of human nature.—While the crowd of oppressed vassals in Europe—and the multitude of degraded slaves of the oriental despots, were compelled to swell the servile train of kings, popes, emperors, and princes, and move in swarms—to celebrate the birth-day of their tyrants and oppressors, we happily separated from these absurd and degrading scenes, by the friendly waters of the Atlantic and Pacific, assembled to celebrate the reign of reason and the triumph of human nature.

Yours, &c.

RIDEPE.

Mr. Entron.—Having seen a humorous piece in the Oxford Observer, copied from the *National (Worcester) Register*, and also a piece in poetry, relative to Mr. Rolfe of this town, who was cast away upon a rock in the falls of Androscoggin river, I have made particular inquiry into the facts; and hope you will be obliging, as to give the result a place in your paper; and you will gratify your humble servant, A FRIEND OF TRUTH.

Rumford, July 8th, 1826.

About 19 years ago a singular event took place in this town. Mr. Benjamin Rolfe, an inhabitant of this place, was about to pass with his horse the Androscoggin river, in the evening, not at a great distance above the great falls in the river, but, finding no ferry-man, he took the boat, and he with his horse set out for the opposite shore. The evening was dark, cloudy, and foggy, which made it very difficult for him to keep his course. The current imperceptibly carrying him down the river, and being deceived by the roaring of the water in a small stream, which fell into the great river, he rowed for this, which, indeed, was the roaring of the water in the great falls. He fell into the draught of the water, and was precipitated upon a rock in the middle of the river, at the head of the first pitch of water. As soon as the boat struck the rock, the stern sank.—The horse was thrown to the shore by the side of a large rock, and he could not extricate himself from his imprison-

ment, but remained here during the night, suffering with hunger and cold. The next day, however, he was, by the help of men, safely delivered from his confinement.

Mr. Rolfe was thrown upon the rock without injury. Here he lodged during the night, suffering with hunger and cold, without a friend to comfort, or to sympathize with him in his dismal situation. When the morning came, after a sleepless night, the scene became still more awful and alarming. There was no friend to whom he could call for relief or comfort. To remain where he was, he must perish with hunger and cold. He had no means to get to the shore; and it was doubtful whether his friends could afford him relief, even if they were about him. Therefore let him look which way he would, death, in the most awful form, seemed to be staring him in the face. Indeed, he was in a perilous and melancholy situation, and needed the fortitude of a philosopher, and the resignation of a christian to support him, when all hope seemed to forsake him.

However, when the morning came, his friends were alarmed at his absence, and began to make search for him.—About 10 o'clock in the morning, he was discovered upon his lonely rock in close confinement. The alarm was immediately given, and all hands were summoned to the gloomy place of his confinement. They all gazed and were astonished at the danger he was in.—They soon, however, began to devise ways and means, if possible, to deliver him from his insulated imprisonment. The first step which they took, was to procure a small canoe, and with bed-rolls on both sides of the river, to let it down to him to take him from the rock. But no sooner than it came into the swift water, it ran by and was dashed to pieces. They then obtained a light board wherry, and let it down part of the way, and drew it back, to try the force of the water.—They tried a second time; but no sooner it came into the current, than it was dashed in pieces upon the rocks. Finding this method would not answer the design, they at length got a rope to him. He placed it under his arms and made it fast.—He then took the chain, which he had carried over the river to be mended, and which he had secured with him on the rock. He was placing the chain over one shoulder and under the opposite arm to take it to the shore with him.—But by reason of the roaring of the water, they could not converse with him. They made signs to him to leave the chain on the rock, lest he should be too heavy loaded in bringing him to the shore.—He accordingly left the chain and lost it.

When all things were made ready and the rope well manned, Mr. Rolfe calmly stepped into the water from the sunken boat, and as if unconcerned for his safety, committed himself to the water—the men on the shore ran up-stream, and wonderful to tell! brought him safe to the shore, to the joy of his friends, and to all those who were present. No sooner was he safely landed than he asked for a coar of tobacco, saying, "he had lodged at a poor tavern, for they had neither rum nor tobacco." But he trembled, when he was informed and considered the danger he had been in of losing his life, while on the rock, and in getting to the shore.

After he was safely landed, his friends and helpers, being now about 40 in number, returned to their homes, and he into the bosom of his family again, rejoicing in his safe deliverance from the imminent danger he had been in.

Mr. Rolfe is still living, and in comfortable health, though very aged and infirm.

Married,

In New-York, Rev. Mr. Williams, aged 70 years, to Miss Polly Cudle, aged 14 years.

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THE BOWER.

[From the New-York Statesman.]

A NEW-ENGLAND VILLAGE.
There stands the holy spire of prayer,
Devoutly looking unto heaven,
Like moral telegraphs, to bear
The upward thoughts of the forgiven.
And as the sun-gilt windows gleam
In their unstained transparency,
Chaste thoughts come o'er me, as I dream
Of that soft hour, when, tenderly,
The gray-haired pastor, crossed my brow
With water from the font of snow.
Close at the foot of yon small hill,
The district school-house wins the view;
Where the young urchins 'gainst their will,
In jabbering rows their task pursue.
And there's the turf on which they play,
And tan their open-collared necks;
And there's the brook, where every day,
Their paper boats meet sad shipwrecks
Of little hopes, that now endure
The future world in miniature.
These scenes are pleasant; but there's one
More precious to the heart, than all.
It is,—when on the ear the tone
Of mellow bells, with gentle fall,
Proclaims the Sabbath morn is come.
Then, every road and path's alive
With young and old,—none stay at home,
But clad in best attire all strive
To fill their places, lest they hear
In private, from the minister.
And when from some wood-waving height,
Upon the moss at leisure thrown,
I view the sylvan shade and light,
And know the landscape is my own.
Dear native land; when I behold
The grassy lawn, the auburn wheat,
The mill, the mountains edged with gold,
And hear the past'ral song and bleat;
Oh! how I bless with streaming eyes,
That Heaven which gave the paradise.

[From the Thomaston Register.]

THE BOBLINCOLN'S REMONSTRANCE
To the Squirrel-hunters of Paris and Buckfield,, who on the 31st May, most ungenerously, and without any previous declaration of war, fell upon and massacred 624 of those tuneful birds.
We blame you not, if in self defence
Ye take the hostile gun;
Though much I doubt 'twas a mere pretence
And your only aim was fun.
The skunk, tho' he seems a harmless wight,
Sometimes the nose will annoy;
And the racock leaves his abodes at night
Your golden hopes to destroy.
The squirrel, crow, and the purblind owl,
And such like thing of plunder,
Whether of quadruped or fowl,
May justly dread your thunder.
But what can poor Boblincoln do,
Or a Boblincoln as you call him?
In what can he have offended you,
That such sad fate should beset him?
Six thousand years have rolled away
Since (Eden's close adorning)
I trilled the merriest roundelay
Of all that sung that morning.
Since which I've poured my annual strain
To the countless sons of Adam,
And cheered the walk on the dewy plain
Of many a maid and madam.
And all for a few of those poor grains
Which Scots and horses eat,
While Catalani's manner strains
In London thousands neat.
Could I submit on a city stage
My skillful notes to pour,
Well fed and paid, I'd scorn your rage,
And dread your war no more.
But I preferred your mountain air,
Your meadows full of glee,
To the outward pomp and inward care
Of urban revelry.
And ye have slain my beauteous wife,
My sisters and my brother,
My line of fathers, source of life,
My grandmothers and mother.
My cousins all have sung their last,
The vale is full of woe!
When did our race in ages past
Ever meet with such a blow?
For this, I prophecy to you
A sad and barren year;
Your fields unmet, with rain or dew,
Shall be all dry and sear.
Four cows shall yield no milk, your sheep
With scab be covered o'er,
And loathsome caterpillars creep
In throngs about your door.
No cheerful sound shall greet your ear;
The grasshopper's hoarsest note,
The night-bird's shriek, and omens drear
Heard in the woods remote,
And squalls of restless infants,—these
Shall be the substitute
For notes once fondly tuned to please,
But now forever mute.

* Oats, according to Dr. Johnson, are food for horses in England and for men in Scotland.

THE OLIO.

[From the Trenton Emporium.]

EDUCATION.

A little money is a good thing in the outset of life, if a person have wisdom to make a right and judicious use of it. But the head and the pocket must balance well—the scales must be equilibrated—for if one or the other kicks the beam, a loss will in most cases ensue. If you have too little wit the world will overreach you; if too much, you will outwit yourself. In either case, ten chances to one, your purse, or rather the contents of it, will slip through your fingers. Among the dangers to which hereditary wealth subjects us, are pride, indolence, extravagance; and the smaller the portion of our inheritance, the more danger is there. But what is most extraordinary is, that these very evils, are often nursed up in the same cradle with the child, cherished with his growth, and instilled into all his habits as he passes through the

routine of his education, by parental care, misjudging affection.

Cornelia was an heiress. That is, she was worth some thousands of dollars—I never knew exactly the sum; common report seldom speaks the whole truth in these matters, and it is rather unmannerly to inquire very particularly into a lady's fortune. She was indulged by her kind mamma at home, and caressed by her kind friends abroad; sent to the most fashionable school; the mistress duly advised that she was a peculiarly delicate little girl, with most exquisite sensibilities, and a rare genius; and was to be treated with all becoming tenderness and consideration. There she learned a few of the useful and a great many of the ornamental branches taught in such seminaries; and was finally despatched to a Boarding School to finish her education—polite, fashionable, elegant education; with which the adjective "useful" as usual, had very little, if any thing, to do.

She was now an accomplished lady; she understood French and painting; was versed in Belle Letters; knew something of philosophy, natural and moral; had gone the round of the sciences; wrote poetry; kept an Album; understood music; and was finally fitted out at home with a fine parlour and a piano. "What a fine lady!" said the wondering villagers—"what a very fine lady; how fashionable; how perfectly genteel."

It was even so; and the first difficulty which arose, was about the choice of that very vexatious, but still no less necessary evil—a husband. The pretty girl, who has the whole world of beaux to choose from, sometimes finds it difficult to make a perfectly unquestionable choice. It was not then to be wondered at that Cornelia should be embarrassed in making a selection; for she was circumscribed in her sphere by the very small compass of perfectly genteel people like herself. Such an one, with a good substantial fortune too, was to be sought. Her stars favored her at last, however, and she was married—married to a young gentleman as accomplished as herself; one who had as many 'ologies as his finger ends as buttons on his coat—an A. B. and a profession; who drove tandem with one hand; winged a pigeon at every shot; and drank nothing but Madeira.

It was said the young gentleman and lady were each a little disappointed in the matter of the other's fortune; and that in the outset there was a trifling jar on the subject of finances; but Cornelia adhered to her piano, and Bob to his rifle and Madeira, and all went on quite musically again. Neither of them had ever suffered so unmannerly a thought, as that of how to get a living when their cash was gone, to enter their heads.—But Fortune in all these cases, has a plain matter-of-fact way of dealing with even the most genteel people; and when they have spent their last dollar, just turns them out of house and home, as unceremoniously as if they were no better than common folks. He never works a miracle to sustain those who never learned or had the disposition to work any thing themselves. And so it turned out in this case.

While the Piano was in tune in the parlour and every thing was out of tune in the kitchen; while the master drank Madeira above stairs and the servants were drunk with cognac below stairs; while in the midst of the best company, the best living, and dreaming of nothing but pleasure and amusement, one of Bob's creditors rapped his knuckles; the Billfolds are an ill bred set; they know just as much about gentility, and all that sort of thing, as a bear about a lady's toilet; and therefore, as might almost have been expected, the carpets, the plate, the side-board, and even the very piano was levied on.

Still, so far as physical ability was concerned, it was not too late perhaps to turn the current of affairs. There was a plain and ready remedy for the disease, even in its present state; an entire change of living and of habits; economy for extravagance, and industry for indolence. But how hard is it for those who have been thus educated to the occasion, were piled to the chin; straw was placed beneath and between them, where it was thought likely most effectually to contribute to the fierceness of the blaze.

"A moment of awful expectation followed. The executioner approached with a lighted torch; when the Duke of Bavaria rode up to Huss, and loudly called to him, demanding that he should now renounce his errors; at the same time reminding him that in few moments it would be out of his power to do so.

"I thought the danger already passed," he replied; "but happily, I am nothing tempted to gainsay what I have advanced.—I have taught the truth, and am now ready to seal it with my blood. Ultimately it shall prevail, though I may not see it. This day you kindle the flames of persecution about a poor and worthless sinner; but the spirit which animates me, shall, phoenix-like, ascend from my ashes, soar majestically on high through many succeeding ages, and prove to all the Christian world, how vain this persecution, how impotent your rage."

The martyr turned as far as his bands would admit, and looked towards

THE BURNING OF JOHN HUSS.

[From "the Lollards—A Tale."]

"The procession moved on—Huss, absorbed in pious meditations, was only awake to joyful hope; and the momentary weakness which had come over him in the church, had given place to the most calm and settled fortitude. Arriving at the gate of the Episcopal palace, he saw a pile of wood, and believed that he was already at the place of execution. He was soon undeceived, for the wood being fired, he saw his writings brought forward, and successively thrown into the flames. A smile played on his features, which he tried but in vain to smother while he witnessed this vain experiment, and turning to the crowd with the utmost composure, he declared that his writings were consumed, not for the errors which they contained, but to gratify the ignoble rage of his adversaries.

"The sun shone bright, but a shower of rain had fallen, and within the circle to which Huss was admitted to view the destruction of his books, he saw a large earth worm in his path. He stepped a little aside to avoid treading on it. One of his guards, who observed this, placed his foot on the reptile with an air of bravado.

"I would call the worm my brother," said the martyr! "and truly we are brothers in misfortune, for we perish by the same cruelty."

"He now approached a large area, which had been cleared from the crowd, who still anxiously pressed forward wherever the vigilance of the guards was relaxed. It was opposite the gate of Goteblieban, and between the gates and gardens of the suburbs. In the centre he saw an accumulation of faggots amidst which a strong post was erected. Several men were employed in carrying more wood in the open space, and four large bundles of straw were placed beside the faggots. A man of ferocious aspect stood near the post about which the faggots were being piled. He was engaged in disentangling the coils of a rope, which had been recently immersed in water, and two or three chains were laid across a bench, with the appearance of careful arrangement. Huss had no difficulty in recognizing in this man his executioner; and in the place to which he had now been conducted, the spot on which he was to die.

"Though the unfortunate Huss was surrounded by beings who had wrought themselves up to suppose that the torture and death of a virtuous man would be an acceptable spectacle to a God of mercy, there were many among the crowd, whose piety fell short of that zeal which could contemplate the meditation without shuddering horror. These now made their voices heard, remarking, that in whatever way the sufferer had before offended, he prayed most devoutly, and some wished he might be indulged with a confessor. But a priest who had been present at the council, and was now riding within the circle called out, on perceiving the impression which the martyr's words had made, that being a convicted heretic, those entrusted with the punishment of his offences ought not to suffer him to be heard. At the same time, he declared that no confessor could be allowed to approach one so accursed, cut off from, and already dead to, the church.

"The executioner then took from his person a white coat, in honor of his anticipated deliverance. A frock, prepared with pitch and tar, was brought to him, and wearing this, he was conducted to the stake—when a partial murmur ran through these who had been admitted within the guarded space. Huss started. An idea crossed his mind that possibly Sigismund had relented; but this was immediately dismissed, when the priest, who had before spoken to reprove the cries of the crowd, advanced to give expression to the feeling which had just manifested itself.

"Huss was first tied round the middle with cords. A chain was passed over these, and chains were fastened to his left leg and his neck. Thus securely bound to the stake, the faggots provided for the occasion, were piled to the chin; straw was placed beneath and between them, where it was thought likely most effectually to contribute to the fierceness of the blaze.

"Through both of these townships new roads are to be made this fall; and purchasers of land will have a good opportunity of paying for the same in contracts for a part of the whole of these roads.

The subscriber would further suggest that purchasers of 500 acres, in lots which shall be of average quality of the land, may be selected in either of these townships, on very moderate terms.—And should purchasers sufficient offer to contract for the making of these roads, the subscriber if applied to, will be ready to enter into the necessary contracts. For information of the quality of the lands and terms of settlement, application is to be made to SYLVANUS POOR, Esq. of Andover, and for sales of 500 acre lots, or larger quantity, and for the contracts for the roads, please apply to JOHN MERRICK, Esq. or the subscriber at Hallowell.

CHARLES VAUGHAN,

4th July, 1826.

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Commissioners' Notice.

WE the subscribers having been appointed by the Hon. BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, to receive and examine the Claims of the several creditors to the Estate of LEVI BEARCE, Jr. late of Hebron, in said County, Yeoman, deceased, represented insolvent, do hereby give notice, that six months from the thirteenth day of June instant, are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their Claims, and that we shall attend that service at the Dwelling-House of JAMES DONHAM, in said Hebron, on the first Monday of August, October, and November, from one to five o'clock, in the afternoon of each day.

JAMES DONHAM,
EBENEZER DONHAM.

Hebron, June 27, 1826.

Gw 106

STEEL SPRING SADDLES.



WILLIAM BRAGG,

WOULD inform his friends and the public, that he has established himself on

Bethel Hill, in the

Saddlery & Harness-

Making Business,

where he will accommodate Customers as promptly and as cheap with the various articles which he manufactures, as they can be obtained elsewhere in the country, and which shall be made of good materials, and faithfully wrought—and that he constantly keeps on hand for sale

Gentlemen's Steel Spring Saddles;

Common Saddles;—Harnesses;

Bridles & Halters;—Martingales;

Palisés;—Breast Girths;—Holsters;

—Cartouch Boxes, with red & black Belts—and Trunks, of different forms and sizes.

Bethel, July 3, 1826.

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WOOL CARDING

AND

CLOTH DRESSING,

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the Public, that he has taken the FULLING MILL and CARDING MACHINES, owned by Col. H. R. PARSONS, at the South Village in Paris, where he intends carrying on

CARDING WOOL & DRESSING CLOTH

with neatness and dispatch.

A liberal Credit will be given, and all kinds of Country Produce, Wool, or Woolen Cloth will be taken in payment, and upon as good terms as can be done in the country.

He flatters himself that by the engagement of experienced workmen, and having followed the business, himself, for 9 years, he shall be entitled to a share of public patronage.

Also—Wants to purchase from One to Two Thousand Yards of FLANNEL CLOTH, made of common Wool, spun from 4 to 5 skeins to the pound, well made for Fulling—for which Cash will be paid.

DANIEL PARSONS.

Gw 107

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss. TAKEN on Execution and disconsolate : mortality from the way to gloomy : of all that is pitiably : of that in debt : all their scruples : living and true : to Him, and se : and describes the book of laws, to : a book of wisdom, : Deputy Sheriff.

ISAIAH WHITEMORE,

Hebron, July 8, 1826.

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SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss. July 12th, 1826. TAKEN on Execution and to be sold at Public Auction on Friday the eleventh day of August next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at the Dwelling-house of JOHN GAMMON, in Hartford, in said County, all the Right in Equity which JOHN GAMMON, of Hartford, Yeoman, has in and to the Farm on which he now lives, in Hartford aforesaid.

HASTINGS STRICKLAND, Jr.

Dep. Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss. TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Vendue, on MONDAY the twenty-first day of August next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, in Andover Surplus, in said County;—all the Right in Equity of Redemption which JOSIAH JACKSON, of said Andover Surplus, has in and to a certain tract or parcel of Land situated in said Surplus, and being lot number sixteen in the seventh range of lots in said Surplus, and is the homestead Farm, which EBENEZER BEAN now occupies which is Mortgaged to ASA FOSTER, of Newry, in said County, to secure the payment of a certain sum of money owing to the said Foster.

HEZEKIAH HUTCHINS, Jr.

Dep. Sheriff.

Rumford, July 11th, 1823.

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AMERICAN TRAVELLER

AND

STAGE REGISTER.

THE TRAVELLER is published on Tuesdays and Fridays, on a large imperial sheet, by BARDON & PORTER, at No. 81, Court-street, Boston, and contains a great variety of Literary and Scientific matter—Manufacturing, Agricultural and Commercial Intelligence—Information interesting and important to travellers—the latest Foreign and Domestic news—Marine list—Prices Current, &c. &c. As a vehicle of general advertising it offers singular advantages, having a more extensive circulation among places of public resort, such as Stage Houses, Steam Boats, Hotels, Reading Rooms, &c. than any other paper in New-England.

The STAGE REGISTER, a publication very useful to travellers, is issued in a neat pamphlet form, as an accompaniment to the Traveller, once in two months; and furnishes a full account of the principal lines of stages, Steam Boats, and Canal Packets in the New-England states and the state of New-York.

Price of the Traveller, \$4 per ann.; of the Traveller and Register, \$5 per ann. half in advance.

July 15th.

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